

## **Bargaining with a Silent Universe by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

They were lightyears away from the rest of the Paladins, comms out, on an alien planet that was populated primarily by terrifying hell-beasts that wanted to eat them, and Shiro had a glowing magical wound on his side that did *not* look good, so naturally, Keith was finding things to set on fire.

## Bargaining with a Silent Universe

### Author's Note:

I'm re-watching Voltron bc season 5, and I watched the 1st ep of s2 and remembered that I wrote most of this a literal year ago, but didn't finish it/post it.

Soooo I'm finishing it. Bc Finish Shit February.

Also, first Sheith I've posted on here which is weird bc it's like one of my top 3 voltron ships.

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The planet must have had some kind of vegetation at one point, because he found some dry branches that would burn long enough. The sun was going down, his visibility going with it, and Shiro needed the kind of immediate medical attention that should not be attempted in semi-dark.

"It's going to be fine," he said, more to himself than to Shiro, although Shiro replied with a soft hum, and it was nice to know he was still conscious.

The emergency supplies in the Lions were labeled in Altean, but Keith found the firestarter by sight easy enough. He cursed at it the first few times the sparks didn't catch, but finally, he got a small blaze going, and he returned his attention to Shiro. "You still there, buddy?"

"Yeah." Shiro's eyes weren't open, though. Keith knelt by his side, gently removing Shiro's hand from the wound on his side, examining the glowing claw marks. This was beyond what his field med seminar had covered. Probably beyond what anything other than a magical healing pod could fix. "Feels like it's on fire," Shiro groaned, fingers tensing like he subconsciously wanted to clutch at the wound again.

"I... have no idea how to help with this thing," Keith admitted, blowing his hair out of his face in a frustrated huff.

"Doubt we have enough bandages, anyway," Shiro said. He wasn't wrong, the wound took up half his side, but Keith wanted to tell him to take his weird self-deprecating sense of humor and stow it for five minutes.

"Just shut up and let me help," was what came out of his mouth.

Keith avoided the glowing purple, but as soon as he let go of Shiro's hand, he clasped it over the bright slashes. Keith let him. He figured putting pressure on it wasn't a bad thing. His other cuts and scrapes, Keith could do something about, so he set about examining what he could see over Shiro's armor. He dabbed at a particularly bloody one over Shiro's eyebrow, digging through the first aid kit to try to find something that smelled like disinfectant. He didn't know how long they were going to be out here, and an infection would make everything worse. Finally, he came up with something that was similar to rubbing alcohol, tested it on a scrape on his knuckle, and when it didn't do anything other than the usual sting, he dumped some on a bit of gauze and pressed it to the cut.

"We really need to get Coran to translate the labels on these first aid kits," Keith said. "Give me your hands." He removed Shiro's gloves and started cleaning more of the little scrapes, methodical about it, trying to ignore the way he had to crouch across Shiro's lap to get at everything. "Still not sure what to do about the glowing alien wound."

"Me neither," Shiro said, and he cracked a little grin, so Keith felt better about things. Shiro was okay. Okay-ish. Keith wished he could hug him, but the place he would've wrapped his arms around and squeezed was glowing purple. Instead, he kissed Shiro's temple, lingering there for a second, because he could feel Shiro's pulse there, an undeniable flutter that meant he was alive. "Kissing it better?" Shiro asked, even though Keith had missed his eyebrow-gash by a few good inches.

"Just kissing you," Keith muttered.

"My lips are down here," Shiro said, and Keith kissed him there, too, not pressing too hard, because he felt like too much would shatter what little was holding Shiro together. At the very least, it would split open one of the cuts on his lips again. Apparently, getting thrown around an unforgiving landscape by an equally unforgiving pack of demon-monsters gave you some serious abrasions.

"You have to stay with me," Keith said, matter-of-fact, like Shiro had any say in whether his injuries were killing him. "I just got you back, you're not leaving me again."

Shiro laughed, but it turned into a coughing fit, and Keith panicked until it was over, laying both his hands on Shiro's cheeks, tilting his face up as though staring into Keith's tear-filled eyes was gonna help. "I'm fine," Shiro said, but he still sounded like he wasn't breathing right. "I'm fine. I think I'm just allergic to this planet, on top of it all."

He wasn't.

Shiro drifted in and out of consciousness for the next few minutes, and Keith spent every space that his eyes drifted shut quietly saying, *"please, please, c'mon, please,"* like there was a god out there who'd accept an intercession on behalf of Shiro's life from somebody like Keith.

It was almost worse when Shiro was awake, because he decided to use any moments of lucidity to dictate his will to Keith. "No. Shiro, no, you're gonna be fine," Keith said, because he had to get Shiro to stop acting like Keith was about to inherit Voltron. Keith didn't think the line of succession was quite so straight and simple when you were talking about sentient, magical robot lions. He also didn't like the idea that Shiro would use his dying wish to give Keith a sentient, magical robot lion.

Shiro's voice was too quiet, and his breathing was too loud. Still unsteady. *Not now*, Keith begged anything telepathic and infinitely powerful. *Not today*. Keith had a universe to save, and he wanted to do it at Shiro's side. He wanted to tell Shiro he loved him a few thousand more times, and he damn well wasn't saying it to a ghost.

Keith hauled himself to his feet, the familiar anger at the world—at the universe, now—boiling inside him. The universe had taken Shiro from him already. He wasn't about to let it happen again. He was ready to go interrogate the Black Lion about their first-aid capabilities, to fly the surface of the planet and find some kind of civilization that would help them, to do *anything* it took to keep the two of them together.

They deserved more than a relationship cut too short for them to celebrate a single anniversary and a few stolen kisses in the abandoned halls of an alien castle. More than nights spent holding each other instead of sleeping, because the nightmares wouldn't let them rest. They should be together until neither of them have nightmares anymore, because the things that hurt them were so far in the past.

Keith turned to Shiro, about to tell him all that and more, whether he was conscious enough to remember it or not, when he heard the sound of space distorting in the air above them, accompanying the glowing blue circle in the sky that signaled the arrival of the Lions.

Well. Maybe the universe decided to listen to Keith today.

**Author's Note:**

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my writing blog @bambi-simmons!